

Demons in the Fog

It was the early evening and I walked home from work (Kindergarten teacher) as I usually did. I cut through the large cemetery where most of my family was buried, and I decided to go pay my respects as I did from time to time. An odd fog began to roll in as the sun set, but I took no heed of it. I instead looked for the specific oak tree where my family plot was. The fog was growing thicker, so I decided to head home and come by tomorrow.

I began running into a problem, I didn't know where I was in the fog. Graves would only appear in front of me just short of me running into them. I became startled as a statue of an angel appeared in front of me. The angel stared upwards with its arms raised as if to take a soul to heaven. I didn't recognize the grave, so I looked to see whose it was. The name and date appeared to be scratched out by a chisel or something similar, but I could still make out the beginning of the Lord's Prayer. As I read it, I heard what sounded like a child whispering the prayer. I looked around, but couldn't see very far. I looked back at the statue, and the angel was staring down at me with a glare. I was startled, but I then just brushed it off as a lapse in memory.

I continued through the cemetery, growing increasingly worried and out of touch with time. A large shadow appeared in front of me, I approached it slowly. It was a tree, but not the one I sought earlier. Its branches began shaking as if something were moving within the leaves. I couldn't make anything out, and assumed it was a squirrel or cat, but then, out of the quiet fog, I once more heard the sound of a child saying the Lord's Prayer. I called out, but there was no response. I waited for a moment, then the voices of more children began saying the Lord's Prayer. I screamed for someone to help, but I only heard the children as I began to see shapes move in the fog. It felt as a thousand eyes were upon me as more and more children joined in the chant. None seen... all heard. Then all at once the voices stopped. The fog felt hollow and empty. The brief silence was shattered by a deep demonic voice repeating the verse in a sinister and mocking tone.

I ran like I had never ran before. The air quickly grew bitter and cold. The demonic one began shouting in Latin. I kept looking back over my shoulder, but all I could see were the shifting shapes of the fog. How long had I been running? The cemetery was big, but nowhere near this distance. I fell to my knees and began to sob in terror. What was going on? Shadows took form within the fog and began approaching me. Terror washed over me as I tried to muster breath for a scream, but I was too winded from the run. Shadowy arms shot out from the mist and grabbed hold of my arms. I struggled as they pulled my sleeves back. They began to carve Latin inscriptions into my flesh. I screamed in agony. I looked at the bleeding words as they began to ignite within my flesh. My arms went up in a flash of white fire. I was numb to everything as I looked at the words written in the smoldering skin. It was in English now. Words such as "Die", "Gone", "Sorry", "Abandoned", and "Eternal" appeared in crimson against the blackened flesh. I ripped from their hold and took off faster than before, the demons laughing all the while. I sprinted for a moment and looked over my shoulder, and then forward again just in time to hit a tree.

I woke up as the sun rose, under the tree I searched for the other evening. I looked at my arms, they were normal. I looked toward my family plot to see a little boy setting a flower down as his parents watched. I walked over to ask who they knew, but as I got close I noticed it was my name on the grave. The date said I died over two years ago. My heart sank as the memories flooded back, and watched as one of my former students placed a flower at his teacher's grave.

...Am I in Hell?